THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Similies.

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWNELL.

I never dreamed thee—and now from my heart
I wish that time image would ever depart;
For thy similes—how foolish—and how true my grief,
I stand for ten proud to accept thy relief.
I measure not thy love—but I trouble not my pity—
To find that thy charmings, no longer bear sway
Over the heart—that once trusted thee—of sullen
Heart, scorning thy friendship, and counting its pain

What tho' I forget thee? the past is past now!
And the reminder me myself over I'll never hold dear—
The songs thou once loved—shall be no center to me,
For my every thing over thy—no longer—shall be
They shall cease to my soul, like down in the flowers—
I will sing to the breezes, and wind to the showers—
Those tones shall a pleasure to memory impart—
But the thought of thy smile—shall bring grief to my heart.

All I once then could—please—my friendship was young—
When the voice of the heart hung sweet on thy tongue.—
When a kind word from thee a joy would impart,
And a smile from those eyes was a charm to my heart.
When we roamed a field—and the woods—and the rivers,
With the birds gaily singing among the bright flowers;
Those—all—thou hadst—before—the closing of years—
But time's sought the change—then no longer are near

Haste thee—indeed to my grief, and mock'd my distress.
There, cruel, is the fruit I have gained from thy love—
But to stand cold and silent, when tempest of wrath
Is around me—and heart-rending sorrow my path—
To fly when I call it there—to taunt me with scorn,
With coldness and silence—to never be better—
No, never! and here like a tempests will moor—
And sweet will the despair over the height of love—

Or forget in the prospect, and perfect thy bliss;
May thy hope beyond earth be more perfect than this;
May earth day be and your happiness bring,
And thy life close, as well as the explains of spring;
And when thy last sun—shall set from the eye
Of a prayer from the heart—one last place in the sky—
Then my prayers shall go up at the closing of eyes,
To guard thee on earth, and to have thee in Heaven

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Do Not Weep.

Ah trust me on this struggling breath,
My spirit's bound from pain and sorrow,
Beyond the fearless sway of death
Or wings of hope shall meet to-morrow!

I'll seek that lady bower above,
Where pain and tearful sadness ring
Bright gifts for all—in the radiance of love,
Then Mother, do not do not weep.

There is a glorious realm above,
Revealed to the pure alone,
A morning place for friends who love
Beyond a world of sin and sadness.

Then pray that you may shortly follow
For oh, it is an event to sleep;
Beyond a world of sin and sadness
For Mother, do not, do not weep.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post

Lucy Allen, Or, Man's Heart.

BY CHARLES C. FOSDICK.

I am an infidel! The popular creed that "love is the business of women's existence, but a mere concomitance on man's life." I do not believe it. A sound and healthful constitution of the subject, illustrated by a thousand examples in every day life, has convinced me, and I am thoroughly that men suffer more keenly, from disappointed affection than the sex whose "business," forsooth, it seems. I have seen the strong man become feeble from the loss of a lover, and but one other who died of a broken heart.* While of the other sex I can point out half a dozen, who have survived the nothing of other scenes whose noble trusting hearts have been filled with anguish at woman's perfidy, and who fear about a second bond to sell themselves, and consecrate to the world cold and austere, just because the world knows nothing of those tempests of affection that they would have insulted on all around them, but for the blight of disappointment. And what is more than everything of women depends upon the character of man? No matter how keenly a man may suffer, no matter how pure his character, how elevated his sentiments, how refined his mind, he can never be a man of mark, he can not be worthless the ill whose desertion broke his heart, he can not be pure, who—the soul of all complete, he has not the sympathy of his dearest friend, and even his mother and sisters join against him. Society, controlled by woman's voice, can never be the triumphant spirit with torrents of ridicule, detraction and contempt.*

And I not well? I am an infidel!* Will one of your kind readers tell me that it is true? Will one of the other sex can be might but some substitute must? None besides Lucy Kennebarbe or some other Sentimentalist? Let me answer them, however, that I am not a "lovesick fusty old Bach," to use Fanny R.'s elegant diction, but as happy a Bachelor as ever lived. I will find between the St. John's and the St. Mary's!

Perhaps they will forgive me, for the sake of the pleasant compliment, if I disclose the secret history of my heart, by a narrative, every incident of which, I assure them, is literally and exactly true.

In the summer and early fall of 1835, I left my Alma Mater, clear old Yale! How I love your pleasant shades!* with high hopes, and with ample means to enable me to study well, profit!* And to get both a purse and money to put on it, according to examples unanimous and honorable, from the first more years the summer, and the end of completed, let him to the contrary. I assumed the humble vocation of pedagogue. Not that I deemed it humble. By no means. The Principal of the H——— Classical Institute was no inconsiderable personage in his own, if no more. I will not, now, enter on the history of my teaching. I am not in favor of modeling to the public, also the vulgar eye, the mysteries of the craft; how John was not study and did not get learned, because he was a favorite son of an elder; how Jessen was his great a fish to learn, and got pensed for negligence he never made out; how Tom, Dick and Harry, with but wit and beauty turned tail to their tasks, and each study and the school-house to which they were compelled to be marked, and that was not seldom. Why should the profane be able to understand all these things? Though a pedagogue no longer, I scorn to betray the craft!

Where shall I board?" said I, to the President of the Trustees, after settling with the Principal for my compliments and duties with that worthy functionary.

He can not well whose house with the stove adjoining it, answer Mr. Allen, a well-to-do farmer, who lives to you!" Mrs. Allen is a keen, quick-witted woman, and good lover, and she has one daughter. One of them will suit you exactly."

Ah, thought I, wants a long and weary hour I must bad set, and that that commonsense of my husband's Jeanne, wedded him!

To Mrs. Allen's we repaired, and all the preliminaries were speedily arranged, and I was installed in my chambers. The room white bed from, the neatly curtained, the window curtains so nicely folded, the little looking glass trimmed with evergreens, and over your bought filling the good old fashioned maple fire place. I then determined that states and close about!) all told of the regard for my personal comforts and the good taste which I might expect to find about my new home. And the front window looked out upon a large oval green, stretching on nearly a half a mile, bordered by the white houses of one of the sweetest of our New England villages. The old church with its towering spire, and my own schoolhouse occupied the centre of one side of the green, just opposite to Squire Johnson's noble mansion, and the neat cottage of his sister, Widow Mellen. These were the aristocrats of the village. Mr. Johnson was rich, highly educated, and in his estimation of all principles, thoroughly an aristocrat. How often he talked of the "high lend" and "honor classes," of "people of condition," "mere laborers," and like facetiae! Of course, I was very attentive to hear that his father was a poor carpenter, who had his trade and his self-denial, his only capital in business at 21. His stately sister, so dignified, so well informed, so graceful, showed his high notions. True, her late husband had failed in business, and left her a broken heart, a few years before, leaving her quite destitute. The little estate was her sole possession. But then, her children were not the mother of the town! I indeed of that part of the country, and in his huge printing office came out all of the books published by the leading publishing house in Philadelphia were printed. He, therefore, belonged, by occupation, to "the best society." And he assumed not, the sensible, elegantly formed, graceful Wilson, though now only a journeyman printer, in his brother's office, might soon, may his interests with his mother would speedily raise him among the brightest ornaments of his country's literature.

He was a noble youth—I never saw a finer form. The expression of his eye combined sensibility and intelligence. He was warm-hearted, truthful, affectionate. His temper, naturally quick, had been tried by many sensibilities had not been chilled by premature contact with the selfishness of society. If he was too trustful, too confiding—if he had not learned some of those lessons it was not because he lacked discrimination, he wanted experience. We at strange his mother was proud of him! He was the pride of the village. Before I had been there two days one of the neighbors came in, and spoke in glowing terms of William Mellen. I thought I heard a gentle sigh behind me, and turning round, half involuntarily, I noticed the gladsome eye and delightful flush of beauty that lit up the face of Lucy Allen.

"No chance for me there," thought I, "notwithstanding what good Mr. Merryfield so kindly promised me, Lucy sees no more than I can, and sooner will I die than the expression of pain, and a sort of the sweetest lip in the world, and a beaming love that told of the deep workings of suppressed emotion.

But I forget that I have not described Mrs. Allen's family. I have Mrs. Allen's family. Besides a son (who was not dead; yet he was not living. No, his was the living death of the imbecile. And strange to tell, his wife made him so!

It was not till some months later that I learned their history. It will suffice it, so far as it stands connected with my passage of heart.

Andrew Bingham was the only orphan of one of the leading publishers of Philadelphia. He was a man of talents for the brilliance of his conversational powers, and feared for the terrible power of his withering sarcasm. As a political writer he was the dread of his foes, more especially—more more hated. He has spared his friends little more than he did his foes. The least error in judgment, the slightest failure in taste, the slightest fall called down upon the offender a stinging rebuke which no one felt like the first offender. Such was Bingham. Often the public lamily fared express sympathy with the sufferer, but those who were so bold shortly themselves to the same ordeal.

Trained up in the family and under the eye of their brother, his favorite plaything in his childhood, his pride and companion in his maturer years, their generous and equal talents, the same conventional powers, and the same brilliant and powerful sense of ridicule, were in the first circles of the lordly metropolis, she seldom restrained her bitter wit, out of regard to the feelings of others, and the pride of his family. She was a girl of education, of moderate talents, fine person, amiable temper and winning manners. The capricious Laura, her brother's favorite, was a spoiled child. All seemed to him as intellect, because at once strongly attached to the poor orphan boy. He loved her in return, and in secret, for the impulse of her affections, she restrained herself and appeared as amiable as she was beautiful and gifted. They were engaged. Laura was the beautiful object of ——— in the house where I found them. Two daughters were the fruits of their union. Of the young lady I have said enough of the worldly. She married, and has made a good man happy by rendering his home a little Eden. The eldest, black eyed, black haired, was the pride of her father, and the idol of his affections, almost the image of her mother. She was more amiable, and the daughter of a mother. She was more amiable, more restraint, and eagerly encouraged by her mother, had not applied the loveliness of her character. I have learned away from her father, and she was the pride and the pride or wrath of a room.

But I was speaking of the portrait. Soon after her marriage, Laura died, and the mother of Bingham, and her, and the children of good poetry, began to exercise their powers of conversation. Almost worshipping her, and zealously forbearing and generous, he returned her bitter sore with caresses, and smiles, till after "child's play" had terminated—he suddenly remembered against the indulgence of a temper so inconsistent with the harmony of the conjugal relation. But nothing could restrain the wife. Her husband must be in subjection, or a state of misery. Her husband must be in subjection, or a state of misery. Her husband must be in subjection, or a state of misery

"Then I trust it will long continue," said I, "and that it may, you must be cheerful, and when you get home enough, apply your mind to some work in which it can receive aid to make you successful and distinguished."

"I shall try," he replied, "but that brings me to the point at which I wished to arrive. I want to tell you—for such a friend as you have been, however in my case—that no one—not even my mother—knows of it, and I have been interrupted."

"Nothing could interest me more," said I.

"You are certain," he continued, "that it will not be that at Waterloo—I was there ten years old—there were four of us—will have two brothers and a sister. My mother's heart was almost broken, and for a long time, she was wan and gloomy and moaned as one bereft. She brought my brother round from the fever and the consuming despair of her grief, for it was necessary to attend to our worldly affairs, and we were left alone here. Upon a settlement of my father's affairs, there was found to be no more than barely enough to maintain us respectably, and it had been intended that I should be educated for Oxford—that was necessarily given up, but only ten years were spared on our education. The property which, as an officer's widow, my mother was allowed, she devoted to the payment of a private tutor, who lived in the house with us—and the funds was our own, if, under his care, we did not imbibe enough of the best sort of learning. Those, indeed, were happy days. My mother, if never remembering grief, became suddenly cheerful—while my brothers and myself were with our tutor she devoted herself much to my sister's education, and we all assembled every night, and watched about my mother, or read and talked, a most united and happy family.

"As I grew up, it was resolved that I should study for the Bar; but, in the meantime, an ardent taste for general literature had led me to make many attempts which, by the kindness of a country friend who had literary connections in the metropolis, were favorably introduced to some London publishers. They were printed and paid for far beyond my highest expectations, and I was soon inclined to quit my home for a residence in London, where the path to literary fame and emolument seemed open to me, and where it was at all events necessary I should reside, in preparing for my profession. My mother was, of course, full of anxiety about the plan—but it was to fix myself in the great city, and we were all highly pleased when the publication of a parish paper paved to introduce me to the house of the widow of an old college friend of my father, who, with her daughter, set out the expenses of her housekeeping by taking two or three persons to board and lodge with her.

"At first when I arrived in London, all went well, and but too happily. I had as much as it was convenient for me to do in engineering which I liked, and my circumstances were such that the charm of my existence was in the new home to which I had been introduced."

Here my friend paused, and tears filled his eyes. "My nerves have been so weakened by this illness," said he, "that I cannot tell my story steadily—however I will finish then I expected, but I will go on."

"The lady of the house was an excellent woman in her way, had a niece living with her, and who had lived with her, as I understood, for about a year before I came to reside under the same roof. She was an orphan; her father, who was a clergyman, had been dead a good many years: her mother, who had been, I was told, a very accomplished woman, she had a short time before the young lady of whom I speak had come to live with her took. I heard that even much more had been lamented by her mother upon Maria's death than after the first shock of bereavement had passed away. Maria was a very lovely creature; and I can well believe it. Never were exquisite beauty, and the most soothing sweetness of disposition, more worthy of whatever culture could do to adorn them with all womanly accomplishments. Grace—for that was her name—had her every day and hour with a gracious and gentleness were combined in all she did and said. When she spoke to me, I listened to music—

——I did hear her talk

Far above singing."

It seemed that love and tenderness had made their dwelling in the depths of her eyes, as blue as heavens; and my mind and heart also glad, on atmosphere of joy was around about her, and all who looked upon her countenance I speak as one who loved—for I did love—through them. I knew it not, or cared not to examine what the reason was of the happiness that I desired from her presence. We spoke of many things, for she seemed to like to converse with me; but of love we never spoke. I thought our feelings toward one another were the same—but oh the fatal mistake! They were as different as is the thunder-cloud from the softest vapors that float above a summer sky. Mine wanted but the touch of jealousy to burst out into flame and agony—there were but the smallest sparks of kindling, if they even existed in her nature.

"The Mr. H. whom you met the other day was the only love in the house. How he happened to be received there I cannot tell, for its manners was particular to admit no one but the most well-connected in the circle, and was from me that which I then found how much I prized. I based him from the moment I saw him enter the door. I never spoke to him without light scornfulness of his talk made me despise him too much; but he had studied the art of pleasing unremarked, and has perceived attractions in me that took all the easier. I soon got over the history of his attentions to Maria, and the gradual appearance of her fondness—yes, fondness for me. I left the house in despair. I cared not where I went, so that I might be alone. I could no longer apply my mind to my accustomed vocations. My finances, such in consequence, and I therefore contented myself with the badly furnished and worse attended place in which you ventured on that evening to visit me."

"I was the first time I had been in society for six months, and endeavored to force myself into spirits fit for it. You know the rest."

"And have you heard," asked I, with some curiosity, "what was the result of Mr. H.'s attentions to the young lady?"

"Nothing—nothing. From the day I left the house where them they both stood, until this day, I have studiously vowed to make my heart as it were a haunt of iron, to all thoughts of her fair innocence, and then rejected me."

"But thank you the designs of H. were treacherous?"

"Now I think he sought the triumph of gaining the affections of so lovely a creature, and to make her his mistress. Perhaps he was merely enough to rest at the ruin of her body and her soul, for the gratification of his passions; but I think that I can tell that he would have married her second. Once she knew his ingenuity, she would flee from him as from a wild beast; but her affections must have risen, rose, and then trampled upon, and her heart may have been lost and crushed, as mine has been."

I endeavored to turn my friend's mind to more cheerful thoughts, and then left him, much interested in his story and future fate.

My affairs about this time called me out of town for a week. The first evening after my return I called upon E. whom I had left but attending to perfect health. I found him with a number of papers at the table, at which he had been writing. Especially he was walking up and down the room. He ran to me, and shook me earnestly by the hand. "Thank God you have come," said he

"What is the meaning of this agitation?" I replied, "you alarm me."

"Listen, he said, "I am going to make further demands upon your friendship—but first let me explain what has happened. On the evening of the 9th—it was a warm yesterday morning, and called upon me with tears from Grace. I marked well with him to the Park. We came out, for fairly at home since I left you. I left when I came to London. I found, and intended to have passed on, but our tattered took a step or two after me, and said, "Thief! I fled happier, to be particularly engaged, she wished much to speak a few words to me." Upon this my attention was aroused, and we came back again in the interior of the Park, when I was ready. The lady then had me briefly and pointedly enough, that having a great desire to speak to me, she must have sent a secret note and hasty conduct on her part, and that of her attendant, and not knowing where I lived, she had determined to wait herself of the opportunity of our next day's meeting to speak to me. You must have observed, sir, the manner in which other the unfortunate arrival of Mr. H at my house, my conduct was soon changed toward you. I fear not observed any change in the gentle lady's manner, but I am sure that I very accurate, but I let her proceed without interruption. "The fact is that Mr. H. thought it necessary to get you out of the house because you were a rival, and you were a check upon him. He told us the worst stories of you." And then, sir, she went into a detail of slanders that not me mad.—She confessed that she had been deceived by her friend this villain, and had consequently treated me with coolness, for which I cannot but blame her. I could not, however, determined to blame the character of the abandoned libertine they had believed in, and he was made one of the house with indignation. She entreated her for her name not discovered to be false, though he took care to avoid forgery by making it a verbal contract merely, which, with his plausible manner, was sufficient. Part of what he had said about me was determined to be a lie, and for such was not believed. My secret, and the old lady, and with him confirmed her story, has accurately held up his end since the discovery of the base man's infamous villainies."

"You may judge the rich of forty pounds which I was drawn by this artifice," continued E. as he walked about the room in the utmost agitation. "I passed my time, and instantly seized him to go on my part to demand satisfaction of H. The villain had the insolence to tell him that he was glad I was at last ready to show myself, as he had been anxious to meet me since I was ready to demand of me. But why occupy you with all this? It is arranged that we meet tomorrow morning in Hyde-Park, immediately after six o'clock."

I was petrified with surprise and grief. "Good God!" I said, "is there nothing to be done? Is there no way by which your honor can be saved, and the villain of whom he has thus injured you?"

"There is no other method to wipe out the stain," he answered passionately, "that at all events it must be done, I may not, and I cannot live. But I have a parent and a sister, and I would not that even make another I know not. You are those parties—I shall not them up to-night; if I fall in the duel, I will write to my mother—and you will say to my mother,—but that way madness lies, or something worse, a following of the man within me.—You will do what I ask—know you will. And now, for I must sit down to write again—now farewell! God bless you—forgive me all this trouble."

He wrung my hand—I promised,—I hardly knew what I did, or where I stood.

"Farewell!" he said again.

"No," I replied, "say good-night. I will be on, or near the ground, to-morrow morning."

"Thanks, thanks—once more than I can utter," he said. "I wished it, but dared not ask it—good-night."

That night I did not sleep. I knew not what to do. I thought a long consultation of going to the police, but was deterred by fear that in so doing I was betraying my friend's honor, and that I was to be exposed to the sneers and calumnies of his adversary. Morning came at length. It was in the middle of March; a cold dry black wind blew in my face as I went forth, the sky was snowy and gloomy forebodings took possession of my soul.

—As I reached Hyde Park, the gates were just opening from the inside, and I saw a carriage passed, I followed them as closely as I could, and reached the ground just as the two combatants were led to their respective places by the seconds. I saw the self-confiding air, the cool demeanor, pride in superior skill, which appeared in the face and whole figure of my friend's foe. I felt sick at heart with the air of an officer saluting on parade. It was perfectly steady, but with no air of deep seriousness, far beyond that of his antagonist. They were both dressed, the movement of response was agonizing. The word was given—they fired—both fell. E. H. tottered and fell to the ground, never to rise again.

I flew to him, and flung myself down beside him, raising his head in my arms. The ball had entered him just at the left breast, and the wound was mortal. I saw at once by the countenance of the poor dying man which it was. Then I had not been suffered by this terrible visitation. It was the brother, to whom my unfortunate friend had written a long account of the whole course of affairs which led to his ruin. To say he had loved the brother he had thus wronged, and who had thus avenged him—he was his guide, his instructor, his friend. If E. had had but a thousand lives, he would have given them all, to save the life of this man. But the full extent of her conduct changed his nature in an hour. He read the long letter which had been written for him, and thenceforward, to the moment of his death, he was as a fiend. He was unrelenting, and as soon as his brother's funeral was performed, he left the country, and from that moment not a single question about H. I could tell him very little beyond what the reader of these pages is acquainted with. Intelligence that immediately after the duel H. set off for France. In two or three days Richard E. came back to me.

I have found out a good deal about that murderer," he said, "he is in Paris, and will be back in two months, if it seem safe for him then to return. Of course no intimation of this will be uttered in his ear. I have found out that fee six weeks preceding my brother's murder, he was every second day at the shooting gallery, and there practised with the pistol he was more of hitting any thing." All this, and what was in his forgiveness that rendered him a fiend, I could not believe. I was moved to horror, grief, I shall come back to town in two months, and shall then see you."

I saw him before that time, when I visited his mother, but his manner was still the same. At the end of two months he returned to London, and I saw him frequently. He came in his accustomed manner, and I was to be with me. He said—returned to London two weeks."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I have had him watched," he replied.

"You mean, then, to have him arrested and tried?" I exclaimed with some anxiety.

"No," he answered; "I cannot—I do mean to be shot in, but not tried—not a single word."

"Good heaven! what do you mean to do?" I said. I do not understand you; what do you mean to do with regard to your sister?"

"To kill her," he answered with frightful distinctness, and ground his teeth, as if he were in imagination triumphing in the deed.

I was dreadfully shocked. I feared he had lost his senses, and that his dark old lust would be revenged. I was not sure that I had not been mistaken, and that he had in two months changed from black to grey—his coat flamed with revenge and defiance, his noble temper for his wrongs. I implored him to consider what he was about to do, and that he would not forever forgiveness of tranquility and sweetness. He listened toward the door, but turned round, and I, "Suppose, my friend, your sister were dead, and you had not murdered her, I would not consent to—and I will bring him into the house to you." I saw him to death in the public streets with my curse, and I would not be with him. I left him, and he went home, he struck his stick with such violence against the floor, that it fractured like pipe-clay, and fell out of his hands in fragments.

I started up. "You do not know what you are doing," I said, "you are mad. Your sister is innocent. Her mother has told me what a dear he was, and you have no right to take away that of being killed, and your mother will break her heart."

"I can feel but one thing," he answered, "and that is that I shall feel him—I look upon him as the vilest and last never fond a pistol but two or three times in my life, but when a brother is murdered it is time to learn better, and make sure of the villain. I will not be taken, he continued, pointing to one which lay on the table, "and upon the edge within that inch of space I will spit her brains out of me, and—"

Before I was able to address to him any thing more, he left the room.

Few there days had passed, he had publicly proclaimed before a whole company where H. was, that Mr. H. had returned to London, and that he—E. H.—would be at the same evening, and that a sentence had been arranged to take place out of town, on the next morning but one. He intended that the duel should be fought on the spot. You in many dwellings are thanksgivings for the safe return of the prodigal son, and prayers for the life of the assassin. Amid the coming year forgotten, and meant as it is hear the shout-triumph young girl as well as the gray headed man, and the child as well as the mother. Many and many a time, in some quiet old town house, far away from the noise town, shall I hear the sound of the horse's hoofs as they pass by, pump. Give me a country dance's farther if me a mild lunch in the turkey and pie!

But I must not forget that the masterly the quests of the evening as round. There is the sound of dancing as music from the carriage, of young members in number, and the sound of the voices of the happy, laughter, and the sound of the voices of the happy, laughter, and the sound of the voices of the happy, laughter

SATURDAY POST.

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Congressional News.

WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 15, 1841.

SENATE.—The two Senators from South Carolina (Messrs. CALHOUN and PRESTON) appeared in their seats this morning.

Petitions were presented praying for the release of the American citizens at Van Diemen's land by negotiation with the British Government.

Memorials were also presented for a Marine Hospital on the Western waters; Indian claims; and for a Western Delaware now Cherokees; from Kent Co., Michigan, asking for an appropriation for the improvement of the harbor at Grand River.

Mr. KING of Ala. presented petitions from the Legislature of his State for the establishment of a Land Office there.

Also for the reduction of the present rates of postage.

Mr. MORRIS brought forward his joint Resolution for the transfer of the Stock owned by the General Government in the Susquehanna and Ohio Canal to the State of Maryland.

Mr. WHITE introduced a bill making an appropriation for the Cumberland Road in the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The bill having been read twice, was referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. PRESTON introduced a bill which was twice read and referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, to authorize the President to cause the Marine Corps to be increased to the Commandant's former number.

Mr. BENTON offered a resolution, which lies over for future consideration, calling on the Secretary of War to inquire into the expediency of abolishing the Revenue Cutter Service and employing the Navy instead.

Mr. WOODBURY introduced a resolution, which also lies over for an inquiry into the propriety of the reduction of the number of the navy and army corrupted.

After the consideration of a great variety of unusually various business, unimportant to the public, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—On motion of Mr. Fillmore, the House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and took up the bill to provide for carrying into effect the powers vested in Congress to make appropriations in part for the expenses of the general meeting of Congress.

After some interrogations from Mr. Cushing, as to whether the appropriation for the purchase of mesmeric was not made in advance, the bill was reported to the House. It was then ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

Mr. Adams desired to know what disposition was to be made of the motion made by him yesterday, for the reference of a petition asking the repeal of the 23d Rule which motion had been laid over for one day.

The Chair said the motion in question would come up to order, after the States shall have been called through the petitions.

A great number of petitions were then presented from the No's. which are to be referred to the Committee on very long language the repeal of the 21st Rule, and the repeal of all laws countenancing in any way whatever the institution of slavery.

Many of them were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, others laid on the table.

Several petitions were presented from Maryland, on the subject of the National Foundry. They were referred to the Select Committee on the subject.

Mr. Thompson reported a resolution from the Committee on Ways and Means, asking for a clerk to assist them in their extreme duties.

The yeas and nays were taken on the resolution, and it was adopted—there being but one dissentient.

Mr. Goddings then moved for a clerk for the Committee on Claims, but the resolution was not received.

Several hours were then occupied in the further presentation of petitions.

Mr. Cushing, on leave, reported a resolution from the Select Committee on Printing, directing the appointment of the Treasury by the plan of the Fiscal Agent, referred to the Message of the President of the 11th ult. unanimously adopted, after which the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 16, 1841.

SENATE.—A message was received from the House announcing the passage of the bill making provision in part for the expenses of the next session.

Mr. EVANS, Chairman of the Committee of Finance, reported the bill further to provide for the collection of duties that time.

The motion having been granted, Mr. EVANS, as a further amendment, asked that the bill be considered at the same time, which was agreed to. The bill was then read and at the conclusion was immediately succeeded for passing the bill.

Mr. King, of Ala., objected to the motion. His reasons were that he had long been aware of the duties of the to make appropriations for members of Congress and those in the employ of Congress, as well as those of all others employed in the service of Government at the Department. He objected to the bill, because it was not at all the time, wished if to be referred to the Committee on Finance, and there considered and reported to be so to induce an appropriations for the Clerks. It was his wish that the bill for the Clerks should be postponed to a late period in the session of Congress, when the whole matter could be taken up, and often been the case, to the imposition of lobbies and others who shared those of a share of their employment.

In reply, Mr. EVANS said that the motion for reference could not be considered unless it was the unanimous wish of the Senate. The bill, he said, had been unanimously reported by the House, and the Senate was not at liberty, therefore, to do anything but to send the bill back to the House, however to the Finance Committee of the Senate in all matters of the session from the House, and he could not be commended because the contingent fund was exhausted, and debts were to be paid for the service of the Clerks, had been contracted more than a year since. The two last years, therefore, complained of it, but it was unavoidable, and the bill would save many from being shared by bodies. The bill was a matter of necessity, too on Congress.

Mr. Preston of Louis., introduced a bill providing for the payment of certain expenses of Volunteer Militia mustered into the service of the United States, and actually employed in the Florida war. The bill was twice read, and referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.

Mr. Linn introduced the bill to authorize surveyors for the settlement of the private claims to land in the State of, over the territory of Oregon, and for other purposes. Read twice and referred to the Committee on Public Lands.

Mr. Smith of Indiana introduced a bill, which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Public Lands. for conducting to the State of Indiana the title bonds, purchased from the United States Government.

Mr. Preston moved the adoption of the resolution of the House, and no objection being made it was adopted.

Mr. EVANS moved that so much of the President's message as related to the appropriation be referred to the Committee of Finance. Mr. E. remarked that his motion did not involve what is said in the usual place for such a course, and if any one moved a reference of that part to a select committee, he should vote against the motion. No one, however, moved upon the subject, and the motion, as submitted by Mr. EVANS, was agreed to.

The resolution offered yesterday by Mr. Woodbury was then taken up, and, after a few words, without the consideration of other public business, the Senate adjourned to Monday.

HOUSE.—Mr. Thompson gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill for the more effectual collection of Sunbeam Road.

Several hundred petitions were then presented and referred. Among them several from the Western States, asking for a reduction of the duties on the public lands. From Iowa presented a large number of petitions for various objects.

Mr. Fillmore offered resolutions referring the various subjects in the President's message to the committees respectively appointed.

After the reference of several subjects without debate, the resolutions proposing the appointment of a joint committee on the Commencing next came up, when

Mr. Atherton moved to strike out "Manufactures," and insert "Ways and Means."

A warm debate arose, which lasted several hours.

Mr. Atherton and his friends urged that, as all bills relating to revenue emanated from the Committee of Ways and Means, this portion of the message ought to go to that committee.

Messrs. Fillmore, Bragg, and many others argued that as laying a tariff for revenue, Congress was bound to exercise a discriminating power in the adjustment of the manufacturing interest. Hence the proposed reference to the committee on manufactures was the proper one.

Mr. Foster defended the idea of Congress having any power on the subject of protection to manufactures.

Mr. Mercereither and others followed on the same side.

At 3 o'clock the House adjourned without taking any question.

WASHINGTON, DECEMBER 17, 1841.

The Senate having yesterday adjourned to Monday did not sit to-day.

HOUSE.—Mr. Fillmore wished to be informed whether the consideration of the resolution in relation to the President's message, offered yesterday, would not be resumed on the first business in order.

The Speaker decided that it was.

Mr. WISE could not agree with the decision. He thought private bills ought to be considered on the last Tuesday of the week.

After some debate of a desultory character, the House determined to resume consideration of the motion to refer that part of the President's message which relates to the tariff.

The resolution before the House proposed the reference of the Tariff subject to the Committee on Manufactures.

The question pending was on the amendment of Mr. Atherton, striking its reference to the Committee on Ways and Means.

Mr. James of Va. being entitled to the floor, made a forcible speech in favor of the amendment. He contended that the Constitution gave to Ways and Means the supervision with a view to the consideration of all subjects relating to the revenue, however, he was urged that the President in his message recommended the tariff solely as a matter of revenue. Indeed, had the whole measure of the public life of the President would at once contradict any such idea. That he would have only referred to it for protection.

Mr. HOAR hoped all parties would come up to this subject as brethren, and protect the free and clear labor of the United States from the odious and unjust restrictions of other countries. He denied that the people of the North wished to open the tariff question beyond proper bounds. The manufactures of the North desired to be protected to a certain extent, but no more, and this would nothing more.

Mr. Stanley followed, more particularly, however in reply to the remarks of Mr. Irwin, of yesterday.

Mr. IRWIN then rose to explain, and made the matter worse.

Mr. Stanley resumed, and replied to Mr. Jones, after which

Mr. Slade took the floor, and then the House adjourned to Monday.

WASHINGTON, DEC. 20, 1841.

SENATE.—After the reading of the Journal, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill for the appointment of the Standing Committee upon the subject of Printing.

Mr. King of Ala. objected to the consideration, and pressed its postponement, reiterating the reasons given a few days since for his course. He contended he was not unwilling to facilitate up appropriations for the Clerks of the Departments. Those employed in the service of Congress, he contended, were entitled to the first consideration, but he could not consent to vote for this measure of justice, Mr. King said he could not do so while the Senate was engaged in a protracted session, and he could not consent to vote for any appropriation which would not be paid for by the passage of this Bill.

Mr. King suggested that unless the Bill to pay the Clerks passed now, it would not pass until late in the session.

Mr. BENTON said that the motion to postpone would come up to order, after the States shall have been called through the petitions.

A great number of petitions were then presented from the No's. which are to be referred to the Committee on very long language the repeal of the 21st Rule, and the repeal of all laws countenancing in any way whatever the institution of slavery.

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The motion having been granted, Mr. EVANS, as a further amendment, asked that the bill be considered at the same time, which was agreed to. The bill was then read and at the conclusion was immediately succeeds for passing the bill.

Mr. King, of Ala., objected to the motion. His reasons were that he had long been aware of the duties of the to make appropriations for members of Congress and those in the employ of Congress, as well as those of all others employed in the service of Government at the Departments. He objected to the bill, because it was not at all the time, wished if to be referred to the Committee on Finance, and there considered and reported to be so to induce an appropriations for the Clerks. It was his wish that the bill for the Clerks should be postponed to a late period in the session of Congress, when the whole matter could be taken up, and often been the case, to the imposition of lobbies and others who shared those of a share of their employment.

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THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

The Country Girls.

I love the country sunshine,
Who turns the burning wheel,
Who plies with busy hands, the card,
With merry lass the reel.

I love the country air, moreover,
Who makes the household gear,
And who, with industry and art,
Prepares the homespun wear.

I love the country milkmaid,
Who, from the dairy, moves
A wholesome food and beverage
For country families.

Her arm and ample dairy,
Her cookery's cleanse,
And when night finds her weary,
In commerce she rests.

NAPOLEON'S OPINION OF THE FORTIFICATION OF PARIS.—"Let Paris rue in insurrection," said Napoleon, "and I am here fortified, with my left on the Champs Elysees, my right on the Military School, commanding the passage of the river, an open space between me and Paris, my reserves at St. Cloud behind me; my artillery depot can be moved from Vincennes to Meudon, and the Parisians will no longer be able to stir." "Here," exclaimed some of those present, "you talk of fortifying the capital against its own inhabitants, not against an enemy." "Fortify Paris against an enemy!" exclaimed Napoleon, "I never thought of such a thing. A capital with a population of a million cannot be fortified; first, because it could not be fed; secondly, because all the rich and sober classes would quit, and leave none but the turbulent behind. A siege in such a case would create a permanent sedition."

GAME.—A prisoner who had unexpectedly been acquitted of the charge for which he was arraigned, upon being informed that he was at liberty to go, turned to the Jury, and with much feeling observed:

"Gentlemen of the Jury. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the decision just rendered, you will be ever remembered in our prayers; to you, worthy and, I must say, cute friend, (addressing himself to his counsel,) I wish it was in my power to decide your fee; the feeling I entertain for you cannot be expressed by words, you are, indeed the criminal's benefactor to your honor, and in drowning the Judge, who could scarcely suppress a smile, I am everlastingly indebted: but all I can say to you is, I assure you, you may be sure now that I am free, that I will never be guilty of *stealing* again as long as I live."

THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.—Soon after, the close of the war, a boy was offering some caged birds, for sale in a market town, when a sailor came up and inquired the price of them. "A Sixpence a-piece," replied the lad. "I did not ask you the price a-piece, but how much for the lot?" The boy after some calculation answered "at shillings and sixpence." The sailor instantly handed down the basket and opening the cage door permitted the birds to escape. The boy in astonishment cried out, "What are you doing? you will lose your birds." "Very well," said the sailor, "I have been shut up three years as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see any thing confined in prison that I can make free."

A GOOD THOUGHT.—Man is but a reed, and is a true representation of the weakness of nature; but then he is a reed that thinks. It does not need the universe to crush him; a breath of air, a drop of water will kill him. But even if the material universe should overwhelm him, man would be more noble than that which destroys him; because he knows that he does, while the universe knows nothing of the advantage which it obtains over him. Our true dignity, then, consists in thought. From thence we must derive our elevation, not from space or duration. Let us endeavor, then, to think well: this is the principle of morals.—*Pascal.*

Mary.

In thy name MARY, resides fear!
Such should, methinks, soothe be
The sorrowful name that mortals bear
In her trembling fate!
And she, to whom it once was given
Was half of earth and half of heaven.

A TOUCH OF THE PATHETIC.—An exchange paper notices an orator's fervent speech as follows:

"A deep silence awaited his address, but his emotions would not permit a calm utterance: and his lips were first parted by a *deep sob*. Like an electric shock it was acknowledged by the whole assembly, and the suppressed murmur, the hurried ejaculation, and the heaving breast of every one betrayed all hearts accorded under the touch of sympathy.

CLOSE SHAVING.—A justice of peace was called on for the payment of a bill of 75 cents. Upon presenting the bill, the squire asked him if he could swear to the account. The man replied—yes. The squire swore him in, and handed him fifty cents. "Stop squire," said the man, "you are mistaken in the amount; 'tis 75 cents." "I know," returned the squire, "but I can't swear you for no thing."

PARTICULARLY COOL.—The following leading article, in a paper published in the northern part of New Brunswick, is the coolest announcement that the subscribers of a newspaper have been served with lately, and reasonable as cool :—

"No editorial this week! *Reason*—Jones' Mirror-Before once on N Sr hard labor and *get it*, than to spend a shinting in spelling paper to treat coal."

NAPOLEON'S BULLETIN.—The following was promptly was published in an English paper which the year 1868, immediately after receiving a package of bulletins from Napoleon:

"We thank you for your bulletins.
Great Emperor, King and elf
And hope you soon may have from us
A bulletin of your health."

A GOOD STORY is told of Professor Humphrey, of Amherst college. One morning, before recitation, some of the students listened a few gems on the presidents nose. When he entered the room and discovered the new occupant of his seat, he turned upon his head and coolly observed "Gentlemen, I perceive you have a competent instructor, and I will therefore leave you to your studies."

OLD, BUT GOOD.—A British East India captain being sent to make a survey and report on a group of savage islands, distinguished the several kinds of religion, manners and customs—

Religion—apparently none.
Manners—uncouth.
Customs—not fit to be described.

CHANCE OF ANOTHER SEIZ.—An Irish officer of dragoons on the continent, on hearing that his mother had been married soon after to quitted Ireland, exclaimed, "By the powers there is that mother of mine married again. I hope she will not have a son older than me, for if she does I shall be cut out of my estate."

PATRON.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer giving an account of the Agricultural Meeting held recently in Prince Georges, indulges in the following allusion to Mr. Pue, but noble hearted Borne: 'peace to those some'—bone to those memory: *And none but its enemies to the cattle show!*"

PARIS.—Was it not Dr. Franklin who said "Paris is as hard to keep as wood, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first cause, than to satisfy all that follow it."

BAD COMPANY.—A tutor at Cambridge captured some of the students in the act of making a burden and caught one named White, while the others escaped. "Mr. White," said the tutor, "I am sorry to find you in such bad company." "I see no one present but you and I, Sir," replied White.

RETORT OF CARRAS.—George Colman, getting out of a hackney coach one night, gave the driver a sovereign. "I am a bad shilling sir," said Jarvey. "Then it's all right," said George, with his inimitable chuckle, "it's all right, you're a bad coach."

CONSOLATORY ADVICE.—Three doctors who fell their patients to two, under pretence of saving their lives, resolved on the Sunnland, who, when attempting to follow the advice of his fathers, said, "Cease yourself, like them, to us all for your good."

NO CHOICE.—Hallo, Pat, you've got a new hat—where did you get it from?—"Where you couldn't get one, Sir."—Why, I got it from a man who resides below."

QUERY.—Why is a young lover popping the question like a lucky farming a hot potato in a nest of eiderdown? We know but I guess it. Because he is pressing a toast to—

SPEAKING A MANAGER.—A manager not asked a farmer a loan of he had ever married a woman? "No," said the boy, "but if you will take a man I will try."

CAUTIOUS.—Most out senses which the sun can bear early in the morning, and set about in costs, them if he seems sign of rain here soon, don't a fact."

THE FOOL AND ROGUE.—Every fool knows how often he has been a rogue, but every rogue does not know how often he has been a fool.

CONVENIENT.—Why! is a man up stairs whipping his wife like a gentleman? Because he's about *doing a mean act*.

Interesting Statistics.

An article in Blackwood for October, on the second and most condition of the manufacturing districts of Scotland, is one calculated to interest to the philanthropist, the statesman, or the mere student of political economy. The details and the discussions are too long for our purpose: but we select the following condensed statement of the results, indicative at once of the vast increase of opulence and population, and of the simultaneous advance of the still more rapid growth of crime, heathenism, and pauperism in the great commercial and manufacturing county of Lanark, during the last ten years:—

1. The population during that period has increased 37 per cent, having swelled from 316,000 to 434,000.

2. Manufacturing produce, as measured by the barber dues levied on the river Clyde, the great seaport of the country, had doubled.

3. A new source of wealth has been opened in the iron mines and manufactures, yielding above £1,500,000 a year.

4. The average annual mortality in Glasgow has increased, during the same period, from one death in 43 to one in 30. Contagious fever has become so prevalent that one in every 9½ deaths in Glasgow is owing to that fearful disease, or some species of contagious fever.

5. Sixty-eight thousand persons in five years have been taken typhus fever, in Glasgow.

6. Serious crime, punishable with death or transportation, has increased during the five years of that period from 1838 to 1840, above 60% per cent; that is, more than increased four times as fast as the number of the people.

7. The number of poor in the country, for whom there is no sort of provision whatever for attending any place of public worship, has grown up to one hundred thousand.

8. The number of Irish in Glasgow, almost all in a state of beggary, has swelled to the enormous amount of 45,000.

9. Six thousand persons are constantly in a state of unrelieved destitution, or destitution absolutely imperfect from those who are able to obtain parochial relief are kept on the verge of starvation, by receiving only the pittance of three half-pence a day.

10. Above two-thirds of the committed criminals have received Middle or Higher education.

11. The spirit shops in Glasgow sell intoxicating liquor to the people, to the amount at least of £1,-100,000 a year.

12. The deposites from the factory operatives in the savings banks are constantly decreasing, as are all other classes are increasing.

13. Five hundred thousand pounds a year is lent out annually to the most destitute classes, at a rate of interest exceeding 400 per cent per cent.

The writer alludes to the popular doctrine of the day, that wealth is the cure of all evils, and refers, from the facts he has presented, that the doctrine is not true. There are vast interests, which can never be left with safety to the unaided influence of individuals. These statistical statements, every where, demonstrate the entire failure of the principle of self-direction, as applied to a large share of the social concerns of nations. He concludes—

Self-government has been tried on the greatest scale, and under the most favorable circumstances, in Lanarkshire, for the last forty years, and it has landed that community in a hundred thousand practical heathens, in a state of destitution the constant existence of upwards of six thousand unrelieved paupers, in the single city—in sixty-eight thousand persons laying typhus fever in five years, being at the rate of nearly fourteen thousand annually—in the most enormous increase of crime, at more than four times as fast as the increase of the people—in a diminution of the chances of life to an extent of five and a-half per cent, in ten years—in the lending of 500,000 pounds a year to the poorest classes—in a rate of profit above four hundred per cent, and in the most rapid diminution of the most essential means of the most highly paid of the working classes, on which profit, and in the meantime, eleven hundred thousand pounds worth of ardent spirits are annually drunk in a year! It is high time that serious efforts should be made to arrest these awful facts. The remedy must be sought at the hands of the State, and be the central government. They are far beyond the reach either of private benevolence or local legislation. Under the present system of extension of wealth, religiously providing for the security of property and the protection of national economy, shall affect a real reformation in the manifold social evils, which, under the system of self-government, have grown up in the State. The sum of the age would be he who, resting on Conservative principles, should apply them to their true and healthful—the spread of light on, the relief of the suffering, and the elevation of the character of the people.

The Harts Miners.

Quiet and unobtrusive as is the life of these people appears, it is nevertheless a true living life. The aged pastoral woman who sat by the stove, over against me, with a large cupboard, may have and times the quarter of a century, and her thoughts and feelings have a freshness, and a green spot, and a flower in the field, and into every rude carving of the cupboard. And the stove and the cupboard, too, for a human heart has infused into them a portion of its own soul.

It was the life of communication of immediate perception—that gave birth to the German Minnesinger, the peculiarity of which consists in the fact that not only animals and plants, but also objects of inanimate nature partake of the nature of man. The thoughtful and sensible people in the quiet, contented privacy of their lowly cottages on mountain or forest, the inward life of earth-objects revealed itself; they acquired a visibility and consistent character, a charming freshness of fairyland, and thoroughly human dispositions. And so we see them in the Minnesinger. In the same manner as odors are laid in the very matter-of-course style of with fairy, and reasonable as cool :—

"No editorial this week! *Reason*—Jones' Mirror-Before once on N Sr hard labor and *get it*, than to spend a shinting in spelling paper to treat coal."

The Fine Arts.

The history of the fine arts expatiates over one of the most delightful regions of human thought. It is interesting as continually presenting a series of agreeable images, free for the most part from all that is repelling in every other kind of history. That portion of it which regards the early education of artists, directing them by the true path to the desired end, is of the utmost importance to students and to all who take a warm interest in any progress of a very remote period. There is a peculiar charm in many of the stories of the early artists, and an excessive wonder and sublime celebrity entirely unmerited by an older writer. It is from a consideration of this phenomenon I address myself, and in the plainest style of which I am capable, to the consideration of the causes which have produced, and the effects which have followed, the extraordinary progress of the fine arts in Greece.

The Acropolis Also.

In the evening I visited the Acropolis. The declining sun was flooding its rich golden light upon the Parthenon. I was seated with a feeling of reverential awe on a fragment of the wall, from which Byron stood and witnessed the mutilations of so many great men, who to the present day have formed the admiration of thousands and astonished Stuarts, perhaps, had looked upon this pile! And now the Parthenon, the glory of the great epoch of the Greeks have become spectators of the adroitness of a describing cart.

The Acropolis is now being cleared from the rubbish with which it was encumbered, and during the progress of the work several antiquities have been discovered. The Propylæa is guarded by a Soldat, with a cuposse grey beard, officiated as my guide, and when I was about to return he led me to a proportion of the Pelasgian wall, before he began to explain the magnificent panorama which lay beneath and around us. "There," said my royal-town," said he, "Hearre be thanked that I have lived to see it." He was a native born on the ashes. It has not been in vain that my blood has flowed in fighting against the Turks.

A Pillar of Fire.

At Conway the following remarkable phenomenon is described. The resilience was a stone's throw from the house. The inhabitants were struck with surprise on repairing thither to gaze on the wonderful and beautiful object. It was a pillar of fire, which was just emerging from the house through the roof. It was perfectly round, and of its usual circular form, assume that of a pillar of fire." I positively doubted the evidence of my own senses. I thought that I was dreaming, but that I had the amounts and Agathatchides in my hand, and could read them. I then looked out on those coasts, where they observe "the sun rise from the sea," and beheld the same appearance. Similar appearances at Morlia, where he was at sea in the channel. The same appearance was observed, but was not so elongated, but never again so completely collumnar. Sure, by no means but think of the pillar of fire which for forty years gave light to the Israelites in the wilderness. The color of the fire seen here was of the most exquisite blue of the Mediterranean. The breakers had a peculiar steel and blue appearance, and the sea-weed looked like the beauty of the azure main, but though I could, I say, I never attempted to describe it, or permit me to do so with impunity.

Confidence.

Whoever would attain to excellence in any thing must have confidence in himself and in his work. He must feel that he is equal to what he undertakes. He must not be afraid to put forth his whole strength to his task. If he doubts himself—if he thinks he cannot succeed, and so yields his heart, he will do nothing but betray his weakness. Self-confidence is the first requisite to great performance. There is no repose in our literature. There is ever a straining after effect—a labor to be eloquent, striking, or profound. That process, in a great measure, from the fact that we have found our own standard—that we are in the heredity of the azure main, but though I could, I say, I never attempted to describe it, or permit me to do so with impunity.

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Editorial Extravagance.

The days are so short in the northern States, that the people set up all night.

There is a chap up north so confoundedly little, that he can't be seen without a microscope.

There is a Frenchman in Maine so fond of hot Indian that he can swallow nothing but melted lead.

Hook's wife—Hook being proposed a member of the Duke's Club, he asked whom they met. "Sometimes at the Duke's, sometimes at Chiswick." "Then," said he, "I shall never become a Pisaster, for I *can't run from the Ace*."

Farmers Department.

Sowing Clover Seed.

We are glad to perceive from the sales of clover seed on the market have greatly increased within three or four weeks—and that the farmers are now so sensible—because we are taught to believe that the present high price of the spot of agriculture improvement has taken the proper direction—that the bid of clover, plaster and lime, if these fertilizers are properly applied, will restore to the soil that all the old worn out fields of the old States want to the vigor of a state of youth and health, whilst those of the new ones, may be preserved from over cropping, and the exhaustion which is so fatal to the prosperity of the farmer, may be effectually prevented. The farmer who has not clover seed may be easily so far restored, by turning in clover, plaster and lime, if these fertilizers may be turned in one season, as to enable them to be sown the following spring. Whether it be best to sow them at the time of sowing wheat, or in the spring, is a matter of opinion. The proper time for ploughing in either of these crops, is when they have their most vigorous growth, and before the formation of the kernels. At the time of sowing wheat, the ground is generally ploughed, to compress the herbage, and that careful ploughing may be done, it is best that the land the ploughman shall have done his work, a careful hand to follow and sow the seed, and a light harrow to cover it. The spring, as soon as the frost will allow of the operation, clover seed, at the rate of 10 lbs. to the acre, should be sown thereon and harrowed in with a light harrow. The plaster and lime should be followed by the roller. No farm should be without a roller. No farm can be properly managed without a roller. The roller is the implement to be used in the spring, as soon as the frost will allow of the operation, to break the clods, and to compress the soil, which would rather the soil more moist